

THE YEOMAN:

Published Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays

BY

S. I. M. MAJOR & COMPANY.

S. I. M. MAJOR.....Editor.

FRANKFORT:

TUESDAY.....JULY 27, 1858.

FOR CLERK OF THE COURT OF APPEALS.

RANKIN R. REVILL,

OF OWEN.

COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

ROBERT A. THOMPSON,

FOR SHERIFF.

W. S. DEHONEY.

FOR JAILER.

JOHN J. SMITHER.

COUNTY ATTORNEY.

E. A. W. ROBERTS.

FOR CORONER.

H. S. MOORE.

FOR ASSESOR.

PETER JETT.

FOR SURVEYOR.

W. F. GRAHAM.

▲ Kentucky Lawyer.

A proxy old genius, who styles himself "A Kentucky Lawyer," is corresponding with JOHN J. CRITTENDEN through the columns of the Louisville *Journal*. It is not of much consequence who writes these letters, but they sound very much like the man who said that the Black Republican praise of Mr. CRITTENDEN added a wreath to his brow. That man was Hon. GEO. ROBERTSON—Judge.

Although these remarkable productions are ostensibly for the especial edification of JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, they are really designed to effect two purposes. One is to modify the sentiment of the people of Kentucky; another purpose is to publish these letters in a pamphlet form and spread them everywhere over the North as the sentiments of Hon. JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, and of his friends and party in Kentucky. These letters are so ultra and radical, that they cannot fail to satisfy the rabidness of Northern ultraism; to completely fill the full wishes of Seward, Greeley, et al omne genus. These articles grow in daring and impudence; in rashness of expression and ultraism of position. The third is styled the "best of the series." The Know Nothing party, through its press, endorses these sentiments, and we ask the people of Kentucky—who have no interest in a Presidential candidate—who expect no reward for treachery—to read the following extracts and see the future of the Know Nothing party in this State, and quickly forsake the same and unite heart and hand with the conservative Democracy in preserving Kentucky honor, Kentucky rights, and our old Kentucky home. Let these letters rally the people at the coming election to rebuke the foul traitors, who in our State venture to utter such disgraceful sentiments—Democrats, Whigs and honest Know Nothings, unite as a band of brothers and save our State from deep disgrace.

These letters may make Mr. CRITTENDEN the nominee of the Black Republicans; they may secure him the nomination from the concentrated radicalism of our age and nation, but they will not make him President. These sentiments will not be endorsed by Kentucky.

This "Kentucky Lawyer" begins the first paragraph thus: "In answer to a claim made on you, Mr. CRITTENDEN, as a Southern man, to aid the South in perpetrating the Lecompton iniquity, you properly said you could not be influenced by such consideration." Ah! Mr. CRITTENDEN could not be influenced by the consideration that he was a Southern man! Frankness, truly! The "Kentucky Lawyer" continues: "But even if you could, that the South had no such claim on you; that Kentuckians were neither Northern nor Southern, but were Western people." What miserable twaddle and sophistry! The institution of slavery has divided our country into slaveholding and non-slaveholding States, and to these divisions we apply the term Northern and Southern. And yet, upon a mere childish effort at geographical display, this "Kentucky Lawyer" attempts to mislead the people. Nay, Kentucky is Southern, and identified with the South, and woe to the position who attempts to forget or ignore his position as a Southern man! Traitors will not be nurtured nor cherished within her bosom.

Read these extracts and determine whether they are or are not akin to the foul-mouthed abuse of SUMNER and GIDDINGS. "States," referring to the Southern States Geographically now, this friend of Mr. CRITTENDEN writes, "States that have not sufficient mechanical skill and industry to manufacture their own plows and axes, nor their hats and shoes—States who know no manual industry but that of the slave, and the bulk of whose population are sluggishly attenuating a languid, slugged existence under the enervating influence of their climate." Although this is written about the Southern States, more extremely Southern, yet who cannot fail to perceive the drift of the writer—to propagate and organize a Free-soil sentiment in Kentucky, similar to that of BLAIR & Co., in Missouri.

Mr. CRITTENDEN's friend then proceeds to address our fears, and to ask us to bow the suppliant knee to the North, lest the asserting and maintaining of our rights might lead to a division of the Union; and then we should be at the mercy of a foreign power! Is this the language of a free man? What! Count the cost in money when honor and rights are concerned? Nay, we strike for rights as did our fore-fathers, and true hearts and hands will serve a nation of freemen for any just contest.

In the next paragraph we have another sly at Southern gentlemen, borrowed from the Free-soil oratory of the North and its paternity not obscured, by referring it to an old Kentuckian! All such phrases are born of the *Tribune* and its Abolition priests. After asking the question who

of the South would protect our "line of indefensible frontier?" he says: "An old Kentuckian (?) answered the question by saying they (the South) would offer us any number of gentlemen with epaulettes, but not a single man with knapsack and musket." Can't we defend our own border?—Mr. CRITTENDEN and his party are of the opinion that we are truly defenceless children—have not yet reached a mature age, and carry not yet a strong arm sufficient for our own defence. Nay, Kentucky is full-grown and breeds a race of men who can and will maintain their rights against a world in arms.

But still further—Mr. CRITTENDEN's friend, in this third letter, declares that "the whole grievance from which we are suffering," is that "the North do not admire negro slavery" and "tell us so." Nay, more. He declares that "wrong to us or aggression upon our rights as slaveholders by the Federal Government; there has been none, absolutely none. The *Liberty Kansas act of last session* contains more aggression upon the rights of the North, a grosser violation of the equality of right between Northern and Southern sections, and a more wanton insult to the North than can be shown in any and all the actions of the government against the South." Does this need a reply? Is it true that the South for the last thirty years has almost daily been complaining with no good cause? Better friends to the South are the conservative papers of the North, than Mr. CRITTENDEN and his allies, in uttering such a false statement. Shall we elevate a party and a man to power, who not only proclaim such statements, but make them the platform of their political faith and conduct?

This Kentucky pettifogger yields the question of what is Kentucky's duty if she be considered a Southern State. He virtually admits that Kentucky, as a Southern State, must go with the Democracy. He labors through columns to prove that she is not Southern but Western, and hence her interest and duty to let Illinois, Iowa and Ohio decide upon her course. Under the plea of Union, he attempts to separate our interests from the South, and link us with Abolition States of the West that ran off our negroes, and render our property insecure. Nay, Mr. CRITTENDEN, Nay Mr. Kentucky Lawyer! Not to elevate one of you to the Presidential seat and the other to the Cabinet, or will the noble people of our glorious State, forget their principles and their duty, nor desert their sister States of the South, and go over to Abolition! Many, deceived for a moment, may have co-operated with Mr. CRITTENDEN and his confederates; but light is breaking up in their pathway, with them being led, and for what purpose, and everywhere they are foraking the base coalition, and ranking themselves with a party which does not stigmatize and condemn the South.

Mr. CRITTENDEN has sealed his fate! Not only will he fail to reach the Presidential mansion, but, being faithful to his *lesser* trust, he will lose his present honor, and his place in the Senate be filled with a true Kentuckian, who will represent our noble State without fraternizing with, or compliments from the radical, Black Republicans of the North.

The RIX RAX IN LEXINGTON.—The great double R. made a speech in Lexington on Saturday night. From a friend, who was present, we learn that it was, as usual, a miserable failure. His discourse on "Governments," denounced the *Yeoman* and *Courier*, and wound up with his spread eagle flourish. Before he had concluded, nearly all had left the Court-house. He disappointed his friends wherever he goes. He is advertised as a great orator—an eloquent speaker, whereas he is a very ordinary cross roads politician—a regular coffee-house slagger.

He told the people that he was sure to be elected. Wonderfully sure! It will be some time first. He will be pretty by the time he is elected Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

We should like to guess some hats and boots that he is beaten a few thousand votes.

ALL FUDGE—The Democrats of Louisville are enacting their annual farce, entitled "All going to vote." About two days before the election, the Democratic papers will come out non-resistant, the Democratic Committee will pay over to Know Nothing bullies all the money they can raise; the Democratic party will stay at home or go fishing on the day of the election, and the Know Nothings will carry the city. Then will commence the usual whine about Know Nothing misrule and Know Nothing outrages.

OUR OLD BLOWER.—We hope our Democratic friends will see that the great Rix Rax, who abhors us into such profitable notoriety, is well taken care of in his wanderings. See that he has enough to eat and drink—particularly about the latter—and a place to sleep in c'stights. We could not afford to lose him now. As he is working for his victuals and clothes, we wish to have him paid. The ox is worthy of his hire—so is the ass.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Courier* says that the large Rix Rax devotes half an hour of each speech to the *YEOMAN* and its editor—Goodness gracious! A half hour of his precious time! How can we ever repay him? We will re-publish the biography of his father, all about the tinker. Well, we will.

AN "INDEPENDENT."—Caldwell county is afflicted with an everlasting pest named BILL ACRE. He seems to be under the impression that the people are dying for his valuable services in some capacity or other. He is always running for office, and always gets badly beaten of course. The Princeton *Statesman* administers to him the following peppery dose:

"Ace will be defeated, and that badly. And he ought to be. An egotist and a bigot—a vain, pompous, boasting demagogue, without merit or political principle—he has, ever since he was old enough to vote, been a festering thorn in the bosom of his party; shameless and immodest—he has been eve lastingly and eternally seeking office of some kind or other, regardless of fitness for it, and heedless of the wishes or opinions of anybody but himself."

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* writes the following lines to the ladies:

"To abolish long skirts in the streets, and doff so much finery. The French and English ladies all wear short skirts, and show their pretty ankles, with their snow white stockings. The Balmoral under skirt is much worn."

WHAT NEXT?—The Eaton (1.) *Democrat* notices a meeting of "The Friends of Progress," with *baskets* in hands, in a grove near that town, on Sunday next, where Mrs. Carver, of Cincinnati will speak in a trance state.

THANKS—We are indebted to Mr. BENJAMIN, the gentlemanly omnibus agent on the L. & L. Railroad, for Cincinnati papers in advance of the mail.

THE OLD BONE OF CONTENTION.—The ministers of Louisville are quarreling over "that greek word *baptizo*."

WE notice a sale in Philadelphia, July 10th, of a small lot Bank of Kentucky stock, at 110.

THE correspondent of the New York *Times* writing from Salt Lake City, June 29th, says that the Peace Commissioners, POWELL and McCULLOC, would leave in two weeks for Washington.

COL. SAM PIZZ has bought the Hillsboro (O.) *Gazette*, a long established Democratic paper, and will soon take charge of it as editor and proprietor.

THE MESSRS. KEENAN & CRUNCHER, under the *Yeoman* Office, have received Harper's Magazine, and Godey's *Lady's Book* for August, also a number good things to read.

ANOTHER BARNUM HOAX.—The paper, a few weeks since, had a puffing article of the notorious charlatan, BARNUM, to the port that he had sailed for England to bring over the greatest musical troupe in the whole history of the world, including LUMLEY, the great manager of her Majesty's Theater, London. It is all a hoax.

MANUFACTURES AT THE SOUTH.—The extent to which manufactures have been introduced at the South is not generally appreciated. In Georgia alone there are more than sixty cotton factories, and in other States, particularly Alabama and Louisiana, such factories are being continually erected.

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Mr. George Wikes was his coadjutor in this enterprise, which, from the first, commanded public attention, and speedily became a decided success. For a few weeks past, Mr. Porter was unable to write more than a simple paragraph for each number of his paper. The work which he had in hand, and to which he intended to devote himself, was a biography of his friend, Henry William Herbert, (Frank Forrester,) whose melancholy suicide, about two months ago, must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. He had been gradually failing for three or four weeks past when, on Tuesday of last week, he was seized with chills, repaired to his bed, and never afterwards left it. Mr. Wikes, and other friends, remained with him during his sickness. His last words, uttered in delirium, were, "I want to go home." He died without pain, unconscious of the presence of those who were gathered about him.

Few men have had truer and warmer friends, and fewer men have deserved them more. William T. Porter, it is scarcely too much to say, was beloved by all who knew him. His tongue never uttered a word of scandal. Two or three times in his life has his lot to differ with some of his acquaintances, but never, though he ceased to communicate with them, was he known to curse them. He had "troops of friends" in his life, and this afternoon, at 3 o'clock, St. Thomas Church will be crowded with those who, cherishing his while living, will testify that they honor his memory after death. —*New York Times.*

IT is but simple justice to Mr. Hodges to say that he has never been connected with this paper in any capacity. He is in much better business, and we cheerfully say amen to the prayer of the *Enquirer* concerning his "shudder."

A COLORED LADY IN DISGRACE.—According to the statement of a reliable gentleman, who has recently been North, says the *Virginia Herald*, the noted ANTHONY BURS, a fugitive obtained in Boston only at the point of the bayonet, and who was afterwards purchased and set free, is now in the penitentiary of Massachusetts for the crime of robbery.

THE Georgetown *Gazette* very pertinently remarks that when "CARRINGTON declared himself anti-Lecompton, GIDDINGS cried and begged him, BURLINGAME clapped his hands, and the abolition party shouted for joy." When he returned home covered with abolition glory, Kentucky Know Nothing pressed him warmly to their bosoms, and applauded the course by which he drew tears from GIDDINGS, congratulation from BURLINGAME, and shouts of joy from the Black Republican press."

THE A man named CLEFFER was shot in Ashland, Ky., last Sunday night, while sneaking in the yard of Mr. FLETCHER. More than twenty-five shot lodged in his back, wounding him severely, though not dangerously.

LEGAL TENDER.—Very many persons are ignorant as to what constitutes a legal tender in United States coins. *Peterson's Bank-Note List* gives it as follows:

Fifties, twenties, tens, fives, two-and-a-half and one dollar pieces are receivable at their respective value, for debts of five dollars and under.

Fifty, twenty-five, ten and five cent pieces at their respective value, for debts of five dollars and under.

Three cent pieces for debts under thirty cents. One cent pieces for debts under ten cents.

THE SONS OF MALTA.—This flourishing and rapidly growing order, now holding a convention in Philadelphia, is represented by delegates from all parts of the Union, and part of Europe. Two English lords are delegates, and in convention they created much excitement—they are Lord ERNEST and Lord DEXTER, from London. Scotland is also represented. The proceedings are private. There are over seven hundred delegates on the floor from different lodges.

A PUZZLE TO THE FRENCH.—A Frenchman can never understand the energy and pluck of the American character. It is a common saying, in France, "L'Américain ne sait de rien!" which is equivalent to: "An American doesn't distrust his ability to do anything he chooses."

The army, under Gen. Johnston, was entering Salt Lake City on the day of the departure of the mail, the 26th. The mail party was detained eight hours by the passage of the troops through Emigration Canyon. The Mormons were all at Provo, with the exception of about one hundred and fifty men, who remained at Salt Lake City to take care of the crops, stock, and other property. Communication between the Peace Commissioners and Brigham Young was kept up daily, and the gin barrels—the liquor having been stored after the first arrest. In the afternoon a boat and the services of a diver were procured, and after considerable search one of the empty pipes was discovered in the bed of the river off the Erie warehouse. The parties were again arrested on charge of stealing the gin, when ball was again fired—*bang*—the total for each party now amounting to \$1,500.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Prepared by Dr. JAS. WILLIAMS, for the cure of DYSPSEPSY, and nothing but DYSPSEPSY, as advertised in another column, has, by its own merits, obtained for itself so high a reputation in Philadelphia, that Physicians acquainted with its properties, are using it themselves and prescribing it to their patients, convinced, by observation, of its great efficacy in restoring the disordered organs to healthy function. Numerous cases of Dyspepsy of the most aggravated character which were abandoned as incurable by some of the Medical Faculty, have, by the use of this Elixir, been restored to perfect health, as attested certificates testify.

THE "ELIXIR."

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WANTED

Immediately, 10,000 men to engage in the sale of the most popular selling Books in America. Invalids Mechanics, farmers and teachers. Wishing to travel will find this to be a very profitable and pleasant business, enabling them to see the country, and make money at the same time. Agents now in the business are clearing from \$300 to \$1,500 per year. For full particulars and a list of Books, address, H. M. RUSSELL, Queen City Publishing House, 141 Main street Cincinnati, Ohio; or if living east, D. RULISON, Philadelphia.

CLERK COUNTY COURT, ANDERSON CO.

We are authorized to announce A. P. RANDALL as a candidate for Clerk of the County Court of Anderson county.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

St. ANN'S HALL.

REV. R. McMURDY'S SEMINARY

FOR 20 YOUNG LADIES

THE 20th Academic year will commence September 1st. It is designed to be exclusively a Boarding School of a very limited number of pupils. No assistant teachers are employed, except in Ornamental Branches.

TERMS.—For Boarding, French, English, Latin, Greek, and Music, \$200 per annum; payable one-half on the 15th of September, and one-half on the 15th of January. Without Music, \$250 per annum. For admission, address

REV. R. McMURDY, Franklin, Ky.

July 20, 1858.—*tw&w5w*

COL. HOFFMAN is stationed with two companies at Fort Bridger.

Met Col. Monroe's command at Scott's Bluffs, and Col. May at Plum Creek. Met also about four thousand wagons on the

British Chess Association.

The general meeting of the association will be held at Birmingham on the 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th days of August. The proceedings will be inaugurated by a meeting of the subscribers, for the election of officers and the transaction of other business. The grand tournament will consist of a series of matches between thirty-two players, and will be decided in the following manner viz.: The players will be paired off by lot, and each pair of players will play a rubber of three games; the winners in the first series of rubbers will then be paired off by lot, and each pair will play a second rubber of three games; the winners in the second series will in like manner be paired off by lot, and each pair will play a rubber of three games; the winners in the third series of rubbers will then be paired off by lot, and each pair of players will play a rubber of three games. The two remaining winners will contest a match, in which the player who shall first score three games, shall be accounted the victor, and shall be entitled to the first prize of not less than 6 guineas; and the losing competitor in which shall be entitled to the second prize of not less than 20 guineas. The matches between clubs will be contested by a limited number of players on each side, and will consist of games played either single handed or in consultation, in the latter case it is recommended, for the purpose of saving time, that the allied players on each side shall not exceed two in number. The prizes in these encounters will consist of sets of "Staunton" chessmen, in ivory; the association contributing, in each instance, half the cost, and the contending clubs the other half, in equal proportions.—*Birmingham Post.*

The London correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* thus recounts the initiative movements of Paul Murphy in England:

Mr. Murphy, who arrived out by the Africa, quietly walked into the St. George's Chess Club one night last week, and after beating Mr. Lewin, who is a recognized champion, with the greatest ease, offered a challenge to Mr. Staunton, the British *Cheur de Lion* of the noble game. Mr. Staunton accepted the proposition, sat down, went to work,—almost cleared the board in somewhat moves, and was about withdrawing, in contempt, when he was arrested by a "check," which in three moves more grew into a "mate." You may imagine the consternation of the hero and of the lookers-on. "My I ask your name, Sir?" said Mr. S. "Certainly, Sir," replied his young antagonist. "My name is Murphy." "Oh! of America?" Yes, Sir! "Ah! then I am sorry, but I am not quite in play just now, and I should rather not risk another game just at present!" and so Mr. Staunton withdrew. The event has created quite a great sensation in the world of chess, as was bred in the world of yachtsmen by the victory of the America, and Mr. Murphy has made up a match with Anderson, the Hungarian, upon which all England that playeth chess, will be vehemently betting in the course of a fortnight. You may regard this as a set-off, perhaps, against the defeat of Mr. Ten Broeck's horses, though, it should be remembered, that the battle even there is not yet given up.

Not one man in five hundred will make a fortune. But a competence and an independent position is within the reach of most men. This is obtained most surely by patient industry and economy. If a man has ordinary talent and ability in any profession or business, or trade he can, by pursuing an economical, persevering course, be pretty sure finally obtaining an independent position in life. Let his expenses always fall below his income. Let him live cheap, very cheap, if necessary, but let him be sure and make his income more than covers his expenses. It can be done in almost all cases notwithstanding the positive denial of ever so many housekeepers. A man may not have more than two or three hundred dollars a year, and may have a family as large as that of the famous and excellent John Rogers, and he can find a way to live comfortably, and lay up something in the bargain: There is much—ay all—in knowing how the thing is done. And this is the very thing people who are going to make money have got to learn. It is a wonder how few real wants we have, and how little it takes to give us genuine happiness. If we could get rid of our artificial, senseless, and expensive way of living, we should find ourselves better off in use, in prospect, and in heart. Let every one who has any ambition to go ahead in life try the experiment this year and see how much virtue there is economy. Make your expenses less than your income, and see how much you will have gained, not only in money but in the feeling that you are in the condition which the Yankees designate "forshame." Try it this year.

A DUTCH CLAUDIO MELVILLE.—Certain circles over the Rhine were entertained, not long since, by a love drama, in which the dramatic persons were a young German in a study maker, good looking and liberal, but poor and aspiring, and a young class of aristocratic parents, speaking in sweetest Tuscan accents, also not rich, but ambitious of station, and the possession of luxury. They met; 'twas a crowd; his gay demeanor his winning manner and impulsive liberality attracted the fair fraulein. He too was overcome by her winsome smile and charming voice. He sought her presence constantly. She nothing loth received him as a sweetheath guest of her loves. He waded her with rich presents, gay rides with a dashing team, out, escorted her to balls, lavished in her like a prince. They were soon married. The wedding was brilliant. Twenty carriages, filled with moralists and ladies, composed the gay escort. She was happy as a bride could be, an enviable vision of wealth and luxury. A brief honeymoon was joyously spent. "Our home," he said. "How concealed his misfortune, till scarcely seemed no longer a virtue. He never told all to his astonished wife. He was a canny master, poor, working for \$8 per week. Then there were ten and sons, followed by reproaches sharp, and bitter taunts. He took her to his home, a room in a third story in an alley. She raved, stormed, even swore, and bade him begone, until he could stand no more. On Saturday he departed, going none knew where, but assuring his once love, bride that he would return again in the future—perhaps rich, like Cimone a General. This is a melancholy fact.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A LABAMA COPPER MINES.—Professor Vanzant writes to the *St. Louis Sentinel* as follows: We are going ahead with the work, and we find that the vein improves in size and richness as we go down. The ore varies in density; some we find soft, all some hard; some so soft that we are compelled to break it as we take it up. In the soft ore we find the native copper, from the small fibres to chunks and bars. The ore which we are now raising must be of high per cent. It is of itself rich, and the native copper mixed with it must raise it to at least fifty per cent.

It is certain that we have a rich vein, and, at the rate we are now working, we will be able soon to fulfil our promise of landing ore on your railroad platforms on its way to market. I have made some new discoveries of copper within the last week, one vein that is seven feet thick, of solid ore, of a high per cent. I am now confirmed in the opinion that we have a rich mining country.

THE TURF.—Mr. TEN BROECK'S ARRANGEMENTS.—It is almost certain that Priores will be the sole representative of the American turf at the forthcoming Goodwood races, which will come off next Tuesday, the 27th, and in which 33 of the best mags of England and France are to contend. Charleston, from whom so much was expected, has again evinced strong symptoms of unsoundness, and it is feared, will not, after all, be in a condition to run. We have stated that Priores was withdrawn from the two races in which she was engaged at the Chelmsford meeting, and it is more than probable that her owner has also followed a similar course in the race for which she was booked at Newmarket on the 7th inst. It is evident that Mr. Ten Broeck intends making a long stand upon the English turf, or he would not have added so extensively to his stable. Besides Belle, Lord Stately, Badsworth, and Loister, he has now added Little Cob and Bavaris.

An Exciting Scene.

It was in the month of February, 1831, a bright moonlight night and intensely cold, that the brig I commanded lay at her anchor just inside of Sandy Hook.

We had a hard time of it, beating about eleven days off this coast, and the snow and sleet falling for most of the time. Forward, the vessel was thickly covered with ice, and it was hard work to handle her, as the rigging and sails were stiff, and yielded only when the strength of the men was exerted to the utmost. When at length we made the port, all hands were worn down and exhausted; we could not have held out two days longer, without relief.

"A bitter, cold night, Mr. Larkin," I said to my mate, as I tarried a moment on deck, to finish my cigar.

The worthy down eastern buttoned his coat more tightly around him, looked up to the moon and felt his red nose before he replied:

"It's a whistler, Captain, as we used to say on the Kennebec. Nothing livs comfortable out of the blankets in such a night as this."

"The tide is running out swift and strong—it will be well to keep a sharp lookout for the floating ice, Mr. Larkin."

"Aye, aye, Sir," responded the mate, and I went below.

Two hours after I was aroused from a sound sleep by a vigilant officer.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, Captain," said he, as he detected an expression of vexation on my face, "but I wish you would turn out and come on deck as soon as possible."

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Larkin?"

"Why, Sir, I have been watching a cake of ice that swept by a little distance, a few moments ago; I saw something black upon it—something that I thought moved. The moon was under the cloud, and I could not see distinctly; but I do believe there's a child floating out to sea this cold night upon that cake of ice."

We were on the deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out with difficulty the cake of ice floating off to the leeward, and its white, glittering surface was broken by a black spot, more I could not make of it.

"Get me a glass, Mr. Larkin, the moon will be out of the cloud in a moment, and then we can see distinctly."

I kept my eye on the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly working its way through a bank of clouds. The mate stood by with the glass. When the full light fell at last upon the water, with a brilliancy only known to northern latitudes, I put my glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

"Forward there!" I shouted at the top of my voice, and with one bound I reached the main hatch, and began to clear the ship's yawl.

Mr. Larkin had received the glass fr. my hand, and took a look for himself.

"My God!" he said, in a whisper, as he set to work to aid me in getting out the boat—"my God! there are two little children on that cake of ice!"

Two men answered my call, and walked lazily aft. In an incredible short space of time we launched the cutter, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed by the two men, who took the oars. I rigged the tiller, and the mate sat beside the stern sheet.

"Do you see that cake of ice, with something black upon it, lad?" I cried. "Put me alongside of that, and I will give each of you a bottle of rum to night, and a month's extra wages when you are paid off." The men bent to their oars, but their stroke were uneven and feeble. They had been used by the preceding duty of the last fortnight, and though they did their best, the boat made but little more than tide. This was a long chase, and Mr. L., who was sultering as the unfortunate men where young, and had families. Martin has always been considered rather weak-minded, but has never been supposed insane. The affair is undergoing thorough investigation.—*Cor. N. Y. Courier*

THE DUNICANVILLE AFFRAY.—We noticed in our last difficulty at Dunicaville between Abel Jenkins and Wm. M. McAfee, in which both parties were seriously injured. Young McAfee died the next day, (Saturday,) and Mr. Jenkins was immediately arrested, and brought to this place for trial. He was quite ill from the effect of severe bruises received in the conflict, and was not, therefore, committed to jail, but was placed under guard at Willis's Hotel. The Grand Jury was convened on Thursday, and after hearing the evidence, indicted the prisoner for manslaughter, and he was at once admitted to bail in the sum of \$1,500.—*Harrisburg Transcript.*

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